

Cut an 8-Inch Stick from His Stomach.

A Marvellous Surgical Operation on a Young Man Who Wont Tell How He Swallowed It.

Pittsburg, July 30.—A well-known young man of this city swallowed a stick eight inches long—an amazing thing. He refuses absolutely to tell how it got into his stomach, guarding the secret as closely as he guards the secrets of his many bright inventions. It is believed that it was introduced into his stomach while he was in a hypnotic state. It was removed by one of the most marvelous operations known to modern surgery. For four hours the young man was dead. His resuscitation at the end of that time was a wonderful thing. His description of how it feels to die is one of the most picturesque statements imaginable.

These are hints at the startling story which follows—one of the most startling stories of the day.

Leander Riggs lives in Knoxville, a suburb of Pittsburg. He is a young man, but has made money and reputation by his inventions. Recently he went to New York for the purpose of disposing of one of his ideas. He sold his patent for a round sum and returned home. On his way he stopped at Harrisburg, and when he left the capital city of Pennsylvania he carried in his stomach a stick the exact size of which is shown in the picture. To-day was the first time since he had it cut out that his physicians would permit him to talk freely.

Dr. Luther, of Penn avenue, who has charge of the case, is one of the best known physicians and surgeons in the country. "In all my forty years of surgery, not excluding the battle fields," said he, "I have never yet met with a case in any way approaching this one. No living man could swallow that stick in his normal condition. It must have been forced down the boy's throat when he was in a hypnotic state, and when we began operating on him I wouldn't have given three cents for his chances of life. It was on the afternoon of June 5 a young man came into my office and asked for a private interview with me. As we entered my den he said:

"Doctor, I want you to open my stomach."

"What?" I shouted, looking at him in amazement.

"I want you to cut me open and remove a stick. It is eight inches long, and it's hurting me."

"This made me angry. My visitor was apparently serious. He seemed sane and was unquestionably sober, so I could figure nothing but that he was a practical joker. I ordered him out of my office. His appeal was pitiful.

"Doctor, this stick is killing me. I must have it removed," he said.

"Thinking it best to humor the man, I said: 'How long has it been there?'

"Oh, seven—none of your business. I'm here to have it taken out. I've got the money to pay for it, and I don't propose to answer any questions."

"What's your name and where do you live?" I was growing interested in my strange visitor.

"I repeat, I shall tell you nothing. I have a large stick in my stomach which is tearing my vitals. I come to you as a surgeon to cut it out."

"I ran to the door and called Dr. Gentry. We asked the young man to lie down while we examined him. When his stomach was held bare the end of the stick pressing outward could be plainly seen. Pressing on it with the finger gave him the most acute pain. Dr. Gentry, who is a man of few words, said:

"Young man, an attempt to remove this will probably kill you. But the thing will surely kill you if we do not remove it. You had better tell us all about it. Tell us who you are and how you got this thing inside of you. We will do our best then, but the chances are slim."

"The patient straightened up and said most emphatically, 'I'll tell you nothing. I know what chances I shall be taking.'"

"I refused point blank to have anything to do with the case until he told me who his friends were and his name. It was decided to postpone the operation until the next day, when we could work at his home. He left the office after bidding us not to tell the details of his case, even should he die while undergoing the operation. During the conversation, however, I managed to catch him off guard, and he admitted that he had been hypnotized at some previous date. The whole thing was clear to me the minute the word passed. He had been hypnotized and the stick introduced while under the spell. Finding he had made a blunder, the young fellow shut up like a clam, and from that day to this he has refused to say a word about how he swallowed the stick."

"We were in much trouble, however, when we came to operate, as we found that the stick so much in evidence on the day previous, could not be located. It took a long time to find it. During the night the piece of wood had passed out of the stomach through the pyloric orifice and had lodged in the third curve of the intestinal canal. This made the work all the more serious, but we got through with it all right."

To Dr. Leon Hirsch Riggs owes his life, as it was he who saw the necessity for artificial respiration to resuscitate the patient during the operation, and he acted promptly. Under the influence of ether Riggs had stopped breathing, and Hirsch was the first to notice it.

"I was busily engaged in helping Dr. Gentry with the cutting operation," he said, "when I noticed that respiration had ceased. A glance at Riggs's face showed me that he was getting blue as indigo, and like a flash I was at his head, pulling it forward and backward. Then, taking both his arms, I pulled them up above his head until his finger tips met. I pushed his arms down again close against his sides with a quick motion. I did this at the rate of about fifteen times per minute for three or four minutes, when gradually life came into his body again and he began to breathe. By degrees the color came back to his face, and he lived again. When I got him in good shape I was so exhausted that I almost fell into the nearest chair."

It is to Dr. Carl F. Bachman the Journal

is indebted for a sketch of the stick taken from the intestines of young Riggs. For three hours, during which young Riggs lay on the operating table, almost all of his intestines were pushed to one side, his stomach was lying fully exposed. It was the duty of Dr. Bachman to keep the exposed intestines warm, in their normal condition. With warm sponges and cloths he bathed the pulsating, living mass, keeping them warm until they could be pushed back into the body. Said Dr. Bachman last night:

"The Journal can say that I consider myself one of the luckiest men living to have seen this operation. Surgical history cannot show the parallel of this case, and the like of it will very likely never be seen again."

Dr. Alan F. Gentry, who did the surgical

minister ether to me with much the same interest that I fancy a man takes in seeing his own scaffold being built. It meant the same to me. They assured me that with that stick inside of me I would be dead in six hours, and they frankly told me that the operation probably meant death, too, but that I had a chance, and I decided to take the chance.

"What I thought was my last view of things earthly was Dr. Luther bending over me, applying the ether. I passed into what now seems a most pleasant dream. It appeared as though I had taken up the thread of my life at the nearest end and rapidly travelled along it to my days of short skirts, before which memory is a blank. Every scene of importance of my life, every little, mean thing ever done to me, passed before me in panoramic view. I saw faces and heard voices dead to me long years ago. It did not appear that I was moving from place to place, but rather that these places and scenes were coming to me. I was viewing a parade. I first heard the dull booming of the sea and I saw the Goddess of Liberty at New York as plain as I see you now. Other things concerning my late visit to New York appeared with painful distinctness; then, like a flash, New York scenes had passed and several little things which occurred to me in Philadelphia came up for inspection. I touched Harrisburg, and then the whole scene changed. Swifter than a flash miles and miles of country, which I recognized came into view, a most lovely scene, while all the time my ears were filled with a very confusion of sweet sounds. I heard and recognized the clatter of the moving machine in the hayfield, I heard the dogs bark and I heard the scream of the peacocks, which our people raised in great numbers when I was young. I was near

THE BIKE AND THE DOG.

Facts Point to the Belief That the Wheel Is Exterminating the Canine.

Is the bicycle destined to eventually exterminate dogs? From a thorough canvass of competent authorities, it would seem that it is.

As positive proof of the fact that the bike is exterminating the canine race, and ruling the trade of the dealers therein, it may be authoritatively stated that whereas three dogs were formerly sold as against one bicycle, the ratio has been reversed and six bicycles are now disposed of while three dogs are changing owners. And this is an ultra-conservative estimate.

One of the prominent dog dealers in this city, Raphael Isaacson, of Fulton street, said: "Before the bicycle grew into its present popularity, I had a large and prosperous clientele of customers, principally society people of both sexes, who would soon to purchase anything but the highest priced and most blue-blooded animal. Then the bicycle craze began to spread, and as it did I found my customers falling off in numbers, and dogs decreasing in demand. People have no further use for dogs as long as they have a wheel. Formerly they would go out either for a quiet stroll or a good, brisk walk, and in such cases a dog is an absolutely invaluable companion. Now they go out on their machines, and the animal who used to be so welcome becomes only a nuisance. This is especially the case since so many women have taken to the wheel."

Every breed of dog has been affected, from the big Newfoundland to the twisted tailed

And Now Nordau Spanks Little Count Castellane.

In His Most Acid Manner He Pokes Ridicule at the "Powder Puff's" Great Fete.

The Count of Castellane is a young French nobleman who won his way to fame through his marriage with Miss Anna Gould, a daughter of the late Jay Gould, who threw a cool eighty million francs into the bargain.

Jay Gould in his day was the "boss" Exchange-trader and railroad-breaker on the Western Hemisphere.

Now don't underestimate this important adventure of the Count. It was a heroic deed, considering the character of the times. For if Jason were alive to-day, he would steer his Argos with a feeling of security to New York, instead of Kolchis, and he would not carry away a golden fleece, but a golden heifer. With this analogy I do not wish to compare the latter with a sheep, not even with the

gold-spangled white silk tapestry of the interior were. How much? How costly?

The journalistic portrayals of the "grande affaire" read like the infernal ship catalogue in the second song of *Iliad*. It was a porridge of rhapsody and arithmetic, which was enough to turn a Chicago wholesale butcher green with envy. Mark these figures:

From the tree branches 10,000 blue Venetian lanterns were suspended.

On the greensward and through the alleys 112,000 metres of red carpet were tacked or nailed.

Then there were 600 Oriental rugs, which were strewn in tasteful pell-mell, anywhere and everywhere. Think of 3,000 gilded chairs placed on the sward for the guests!

to the disinherited for the arrogance of the rich which permits a fortune to be squandered for the pleasure of a single misty Summer night.

A Cressus of our modern socialistic era has not the effrontery and the consciousness of power of the ancient tyrants of finance and noble ancestry, who knew nothing of the fear of smothering the masses, and who rejoiced to rouse the wrath and envy of the helpless and the oppressed.

Count Castellane did not succeed entirely in disarming the ill-will of the proletarians. Many would not be convinced that it was right to grant him the use of public grounds. Many were offended that a whole battalion of footguards and a squadron of mounted guards, with officers, trumpeters and drummers, were placed at the disposal of a laughing aristocrat for the entertainment of his guests.

I must confess that I cannot understand this cynical feeling about the Count and his fete. To the contrary it appears to me that the man deserves to be puffed greatly; not because of the proverbial moral taught in the *Kanichverstaar* story from Amsterdam, not because of the common saying that wealth brings no happiness, that gold will not abate sickness or death, and similar axioms, but because of the pitiful condition of his soul, which he has either consciously or unconsciously revealed to us.

Picture to yourself the miserable discoloration of these facts. Here is a man who disposes of uncountable millions. He wants to present something that will take away the breath of astonishment and admiration from the exclusive upper ten of Parisian society. Not less than half a million is to be expended for this purpose, and what does he accomplish? Baracks filled together by theatrical daubers and machinists, much resembling the mirrored and gilded booths of a Neully Kirmess; barbaric brass bands; pyrotechnical troupes; "grab" served on masses; a table d'hôte of a large Swiss Inn—in one word, spectacles which can be enjoyed for a few francs, which, however, mortals with the least artistic taste would not have at any price. And this is the result of the greatest mental exertion of a millionaire. Tell me, does he not deserve our pity?

What is most deplorable and most remarkable of all is that the case of Count Castellane is not at all exceptional, but quite typical. Moderate possessions insure generally a freedom from care and a certain independence. Wealth grants sumptuousness, the appeasement of all passions and sensual wants, and the realization of whims, provided they are not too intricate and extensive. But the prodigious hoarding of gold by individuals, which creates millionaires, enables the gold-craddled mortal to escape from the bounds of the material, from the rule of the will of others, yes, he can rise above the constrictions of law and custom.

There is no social etiquette for the millionaire. He can do as he pleases if almost every particular. His millions left his lusts from the physical into the psychical. To give it a formal expression, he can give free vent to his imagination; if he wills it so he can transform every conception into reality, every thought into deed. Whatever he may plan, if it is not antithetical to nature's laws, he can cause its active execution.

This is the psychological theory, but who does experience teach? A little childlike foolishness, an idiotic attempt to gain the front rank of vainglorious jest.

Nothing greater can be formulated from the illusion of the modern Cressus. And this in the environs of the highest culture and enlightenment.

Le petit Lehandy built an an all for himself and his friends, in which he had regular bull fights conducted, despite the fact that for a few pence one can get a reserved seat at much superior brutalities of this kind. With similar frivolities he managed to squander a fortune of twenty-seven millions in a couple of years.

These are types of the psychic sybaritism which are not generated altogether by selfishness.

Then there are millionaires with the ambitions to prove of special usefulness to the educational and moral amelioration of their fellow men. A Rockefeller founds a university which does not differ in any particular from others. Bichofshedin erects an observatory near Nizza, which has not even larger telescopes or finer instruments for the study of astrophysics than any other. More telescopes, more universities. That is as far as a millionaire can go in the exercise of his love for his fellow sufferers. Ah! what unperishable calamity! How lamentable! The commonest fanfiction writer can boast of better inventive genius.

Only one millionaire of modern times whose phantasy was exerted on a grand scale. That was Baron Hirsch. He conceived the idea of founding a Jewish Commonwealth in the Argentine Republic. From the start he set aside \$50,000,000. He was ready to sacrifice double that amount and to spend as high as \$200,000,000 to \$250,000,000. It was not possible to realize the project at any price. He displayed a lordly nature. He revealed at least an inclination, though in a nobler sense, toward the dominant disposition of the Caesars, which satisfies its ambitions by playing chess with the nations, by kneading, flatter and brutalizing all humanity, which reaches its fuller development in the subordination of the conquered masses.

Let us leave the sphere of knowledge and science and let us descend to the vanities of ambition, of love, of power, of self-dilatation.

With money a newspaper could be published which could dictate to an entire hemisphere, whose sway is felt in legislatures and exchanges, which can bring war between nations or unite them in peace. A newspaper, I say, can be organized that will secure or destroy enterprise, that is better instructed than the Government or the large banks on financial matters, that will mould the thoughts of humanity and stamp its moral or immoral impress on the whole cultured world.

With money the face of any continent can be changed at will; old, quasi-dead nations can be revived and the powers that be buried forever. With money the bones of Nero and Caesar lie buried and are revived. With money the sphere of knowledge, every known crime and every abomination can be committed with impunity. All this is within the grasp of money, of the unattained desire of money.

But no millionaire has ever thought of such things. None has ever willed thing great or mighty, either of the or of the evil, either in holy earnestness or Satanic derision. Poor devils! Poor devils! What thoughtful profundity is revealed by the old fables, which always portray the owners or guardians of countless treasures either as striped and evil dwarfs, or as demagogical princes from the underworld. One would almost think that the people who invented such lore aimed to give a symbolic forecast of our modern millionaires.

MAX NORDAU.



THE OPERATION ON YOUNG RIGGS WHICH SURPRISED THE SURGEONS.

work in young Riggs's case, is considered the king of Western Pennsylvania surgeons.

"When Dr. Luther called me in to see the young man I quickly diagnosed his case and thought it would be quite safe to cut the stick out of the stomach," he said. "It was thrown into the air a little the next morning upon going to work on him to find that the stick had left the stomach. Then I knew that it meant haste, for it could not go far, and wherever it stuck would soon wear a hole through the intestines, when hope would be lost."

"The operation soon began in good earnest, and in about twenty minutes I had cut in to the stick. The intestine was distorted. The portions at each end of the stick were dark blue, gangrene had set in, and it was a question of but a few hours until the intestine would give way. I tried to bring life back into the diseased part by bathing it with warm water, but we were many hours too late for that. There was now but one thing to do—that a chance most desperate to take. The gangrenous parts of the intestine must be cut away entirely and the whole portion patched up again. It was the most ticklish piece of work I ever tackled, but it had to be done."

"The incision was quickly made at the point indicated in Dr. Bachman's sketch, and the villainous looking stick taken out, but the hardest part was to come. I cut away the gangrenous part completely, and then sewed the intestines up again with silk and wire. The job was a little touchy, as the intestine had to be made water and air tight. The same thing had to be done at the lower end of the stick's resting place. After this was done his entire internal machinery had to be put back in its proper place and his abdomen sewed up. Taking it all through, Leander Riggs is the luckiest man that ever drew breath. I wouldn't have given six cents for his chance all through the game."

Riggs comes of one of the best families in Western Pennsylvania. He is a nephew of Dr. Leander Riggs, of West Elizabeth, also a nephew of Dr. W. Robert J. and Edward E. Riggs, all of Pittsburg. He lives with his sister, Mrs. Fannie Forrester, at No. 8 Roscoe street, Knoxville.

His description of how it feels to die is unique. "My doctors have told me that there was four minutes in which I showed no signs of life, and they thought me dead," he said. "I watched the doctors getting ready to ad-

home again. As true as I live now I heard the clatter of the big tilt hammer shop below the house where I was born. I saw Peter's Creek dragging its lazy self down the valley as plain as could be. I heard the tinkle of my pet cow's bell again. The little schoolhouse up on the hill above I recognized. I haven't seen it for five years in reality, but it looks bad. The roof is full of holes and many of the windows are broken. A rough voice interrupted me here. It said:

"By Gott, he vill lif. He ish recovering."

"This was Dr. Luther's voice, and though I felt strangely weak I was glad it was all over. You needn't laugh and say it is imagination. I tell you I saw my whole life pass in front of me. My mind was clear when I came to, for Dr. Gentry held up the stick and said:

"Here's what you've been carrying around inside of you."

"The thing looked to be about two feet long. It made me mad and I began to cry. Did I know the stick was inside of me? Indeed I did. It gave me no room for argument or doubt whenever I was carrying it around. Do you know that that little piece of wood seemed to me to weigh ten pounds? It danced around in my stomach like ten thousand devils. When I would stand perfectly still it would bump round as if trying to seek some outlet and every time it touched the side of my stomach it made me shudder. This, of course, was before the infernal thing passed out of the stomach into the intestines, where the doctors found it later. My only wonder now is that I didn't go mad."

NEW FALL GOWNS.

Parisian Hints as to the Fashioning of the Coming Tailor-Made Costume.

Parisian couturiers are now turning their thoughts to tailor-made gowns for the Fall. A novel feature of a few of the most exclusive of these cloth costumes is their buttons. Large gilt glove buttons, the kind which fasten with a patent clasp, and may be found on any well-made walking or driving glove, are now seen on the newest tailor-made gowns. These buttons are really very effective, and, used in this capacity, are more enough to assure their popularity. Many of the tailor-made costumes have the close-fitting coat, bound with a narrow cording of gold or silver braid.

It is common gossip in sporting circles that a prominent dog dealer formerly doing business on Beekman street, was driven out of it through loss of trade occasioned by the constantly increasing use of the bicycle.

Another interesting proof of the fact that the canine race must succumb to the "silent steed" is found in the statistics of those cities where bicycles have to be registered. In Rochester, N. Y., the City Clerk's last report showed that the number of machines registered was 21,130, as against 2,819 dogs.

Aside from the fact that many people do not care to go to the expense of paying a high price for a high-bred dog, the majority of wheel-owners appreciate the fact that a dog has a natural antipathy toward wheelmen and wheelwomen, and a consideration for the feelings and comfort of their fellow cyclists has caused many owners of wheels and dogs to dispose of the latter.

Now the value of the dog has so decreased, that when he runs away no attempt is made to find him, and once in the hands of the experienced dog-catcher, his days are surely numbered. The bicycle is evidently to blame, for were the dog's owner not too busy with his wheel, he would find time to go, as in the past, to the pound and redeem him, but as it is owners of lost dogs now often regard the pound as an easy and humane way of disposing of their one time pets.

SIBERIA'S GREAT RAILWAY.

More than 7,000,000 Men Are Engaged in Its Construction.

There are 7,000,000 workmen, exclusive of engineers and officers, at work upon the great trans-Siberian railway. The proposed length of this great carrier, from Chulabinsk to Vladivostok on the Japan Sea, is 4,547 miles, of which over one-third has been completed.

During the season of 1895, 918½ miles were built, thus giving a direct route from St. Petersburg to the Yenesei River, a distance of 3,056 miles. Up to June, 1892, the amount expended was \$22,488,000.

The engineers have been forced to abandon the original plan of building across and through the mountains and canyons on the south of Lake Balkal, and trains will be ferried twenty miles across the lake by means of transfer steamers.

most valuable one.

In order to show Paris to his wife or his wife to Paris, Count Castellane inaugurated a great feast, for which he undoubtedly drew his inspiration from American traditions.

As is well known there is a certain monotony and uniformity about the American power of imagination—it runs all in figures. It is not an injustice to call it a multiplication run mad.

America's boldest conceptions constitute a kind of statistical ad infinitum. Towers are projected, which overshadow the Eiffel Tower; houses, with more stories than the unascendable miseries of Edinburgh and Naples; hotels, in which in case of fire more travellers can be burned to death than anywhere else during a similar catastrophe in a theatre.

More! Higher! Larger! Thicker! These are the aesthetic criteria of America! Any comparative or superlative of words expressing quantity are included in the beautiful. This is but natural in conditions without a past, but with a future of endless perspective. The American character is not contemplative, but negative.

The American, consequently, without being aware of it, is a Pythagorean. All his deductions are drawn from numbers. Count Castellane was an "easy" convert to these ideas under the Gould influence. He wanted to dazzle the Parisian public with quantity.

By the way, there is a story about in Paris that Mrs. Mackay, the wife of the Silver King, desired some time ago to lease the Arc de Triomphe, but was greatly surprised when the French authorities refused to entertain her proposals, though she was willing to pay a fabulous price for the privilege. I can't vouch for the truth of this story, but Anna Gould's husband scored a superlative on Mrs. Mackay. It is true, he did not lease the Arc de Triomphe, but he secured the Bois de Boulogne, at least, the largest slice of it. His fete was held in the part used by the skating club in the winter, and the pigeon shooting club during the remainder of the year.

The whole journalistic world went wild over his lavish expenditures, and "unstudied quantity." What epic eulogies were squandered by correspondents on the palace of wood and linen to be remembered only in a dream of quantity!

The principal thoughts suggested by the

The evening reception was preceded by a gorgeous fancy dinner of 180 covers, which was served by 115 waiters. 24 powdered house stewards in Castellanean livery, resplendent in white and gold—hanging strings, yellow waistcoats and black knickerbockers; 52 other powdered house stewards in black frock, white waistcoats and knickerbockers; 30 lackeys and 9 announcing doorknockers.

Thank goodness, I am through with these

plain figures, but there are more details, more quantity.

On the other pond swam a vessel—a miniature of the Venetian Bucentaur—surrounded by a large quantity of seahorses and dolphins. Two opera and two gypsy orchestras were placed, respectively, in the palace and on the water. Several hundred dances and chorus girls, of the Grand Opera, performed an antique pantomime on the great stairs of the palace in the style of Louis Quatorze. Then followed the pyrotechnical diversions. Here quantity again reigned supreme. It was not an artistic spectacle, representing some architectural oddity, but an indescribable poppourri of rockets, roman candles, fireworks and firecrackers.

On account of the suddenness of the conception and the dispatch of execution, the Castellane fete became the talk of all Paris, in the beau-monde, the demi-monde, the petit-monde, and all the other mondes. Were not all the theatrical decorators and furnishees called into service, and had not every corner of chairs and carpets in the city his hands full? All articles ordered run into the thousands, many into the ten thousands. There was more adding, more "eastnetting," more drumming and more Bengallian illumination than on any other festive occasion.

Enough of as to "how many," now as to "how much?" The consumption of champagne and ice, the waste of powder and the blaze of trumpets break all previous records. The bills of course were measured by the yard. Never forget to mention the price of an American fete! Weep ye angels! It exceeded 400,000 francs. But smile through your tears, for the millionaire entertainer gave 10,000 francs to the poor.

This last generous gift, some evil-minded people assert, was for the use of the Bois de Boulogne, which is the property of the Parisians; at any rate it was the propitiatory burnt offering to the growing powers in the depths of the population, an apology